

]            *HYMNS      OF AST R ^*  
A.

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HYMN    XX. *Of*  
*the Passions of her*  
**Heart.**

E XAMINE not th' Inscrutable Heart,  
L ight Muse ! of Her, though She in  
part  
I mpart It to the subject!  
S earch not! although from heaven  
thou art !  
A nd this a heavenly object.  
B ut since She hath a heart, we know  
E ver some Passions thence do flow,  
T hough ever ruled with honour.  
H er judgement reigns!    They wait  
beioWj,  
A nd fix their eyes upon her !  
R ectified so, they, in their  
kind, E ncrease each virtue of  
her Mind, G overned with  
mild tranquihty. I n all the  
regions under heaven, N o  
State doth bear itself so even,  
A nd with so sweet facility.

HYMN    XXI. *Of the*  
*innumerable    Virtues of her*  
*Mind.*

E RE thou proceed in these sweet  
pains, L earn Muse! how many drops  
it rains I n cold and moist  
December ! S um up May flowers !  
and August's grains! A nd grapes of  
mild September!  
B ear the sea's sand in Memory!  
E arth's grasses! and the stars in  
sky ! T he little moats, which  
mounted H ang in the beams of  
PHOEBUS' eye, A nd never can be  
counted !  
R ecount these numbers,  
numberless, E re thou, her  
virtue canst express ! G reat  
wits, this count will cumber ! I  
nstruct thyself in numbering  
schools ! N ow Courtiers use to  
beg for fools; A ll such as  
cannot number.